

10c

VOL. 3
NO. 11
FEB.
1944

The Shadow Comics



Trade

CRIME'S COLOSSUS,
WHOSE VERY NAME
SPELLS DEATH,
IN HIS FIRST
DUEL WITH
THE SHADOW!



“CRIME DOES NOT PAY”



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BOOKS
Included
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**BE POPULAR - LEARN
The NEWEST DANCES
in 5 DAYS...or NO COST!**

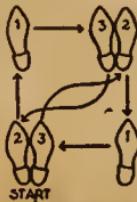
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Includes RHUMBA, CONGA,
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The Shadow

meets the

DEATH MASTER



This is the story of THADE, whose very name spells DEATH and more... THADE, the master villain, who uses methods of the future to combat THE SHADOW, master of justice... Profiting by this, their first duel, THE SHADOW, too, will adapt devices of tomorrow's science to conquer crime's colossus... THADE!!!

VOL. III; NO. 11; FEBRUARY, 1944

NEXT ISSUE MARCH, 1944, ON SALE JAN. 28, 1944

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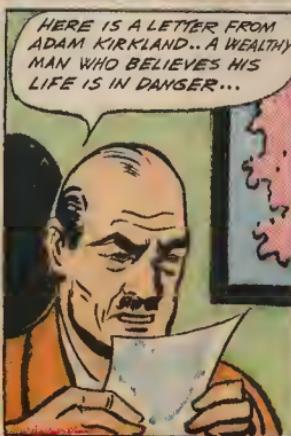
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WHICH
IS
DUPLICATED
IN
REAL
AND
MURDEROUS
DETAIL
AT
KIRKLAND'S
HOME,
MILES
AWAY
!!!



SUPPOSE YOU AND MARGO GO IN THE HOUSE WHILE I'M PARKING THE CAR, COMMISSIONER.

ALL RIGHT, CRANSTON

UNAWARE THAT TRAGEDY HAS ALREADY STALKED, CRANSTON AND HIS COMPANIONS ARRIVE AT KIRKLAND'S GLENVALE HOME...

A PREVIEW OF KIRKLAND'S LIVING ROOM MAY PROVE WISE...

ALWAYS ALERT TO POSSIBLE DANGER, CRANSTON BECOMES THE SHADOW!

...AND THIS IS THE BEST WAY OF GETTING ONE!



AT THADES A MICRODETECTOR REGISTERS THE COMMISSIONER'S ARRIVAL AT KIRKLAND'S DOOR!!!

BZZ-ING

SOMEBODY IS APPROACHING KIRKLAND'S ROOM! QUICKLY, DURREM ... USE THE EMERGENCY MEASURE!

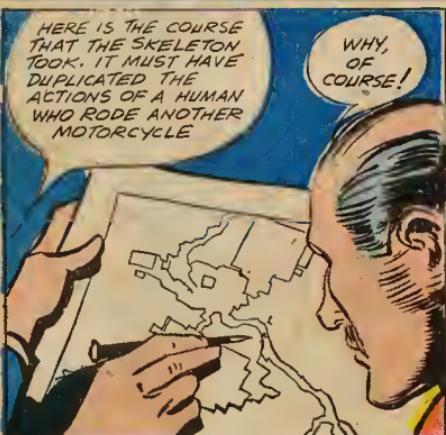


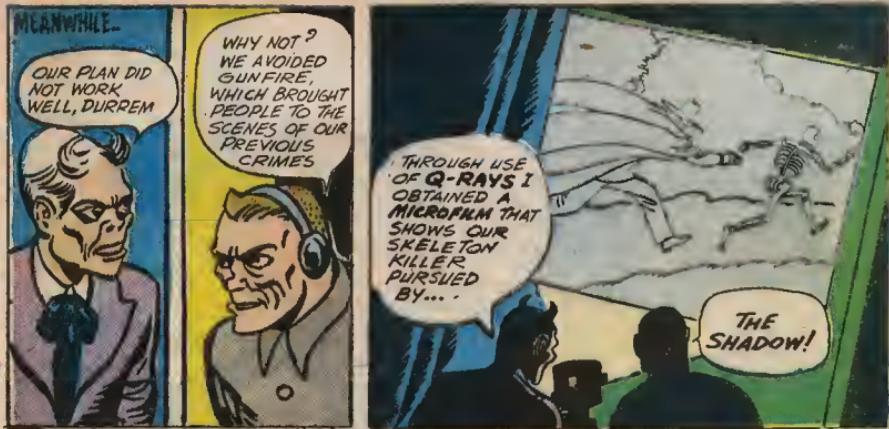


AS DURREM
RUSHED
FROM
THADE'S
LIVING
ROOM, THE
SKELETON
DOES THE
SAME AT
KIRKLAND'S
HOUSE...

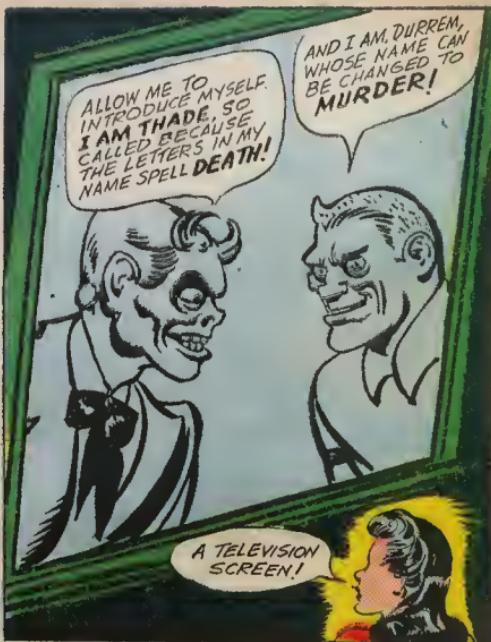
















The Shadow Solves

THE RIDDLE OF SEVEN TOWERS...



WITH COMMISSIONER WESTON,
LAMONT CRANSTON AND
MARGO LANE ARE ARRIVING
AT SEVEN TOWERS, THE
SCENE OF RECENT
MYSTERIOUS CRIMES...



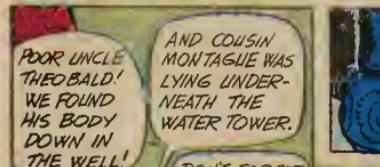
TELL ME ABOUT
THESE MURDERS,
COMMISSIONER.

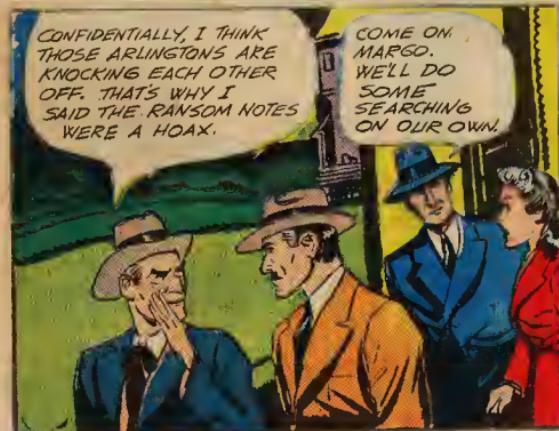
THEY WEREN'T
EXACTLY MURDERS TO
BEGIN WITH ONE BY
ONE, PEOPLE
DISAPPEARED FROM
SEVEN TOWERS...

... AND WHEN RANSOM
NOTES WEREN'T HEeded,
THE BODIES OF THE
VICTIMS WERE FOUND
LATER, AROUND THE
GROUNDS

A
VERY
SINGULAR
CASE.









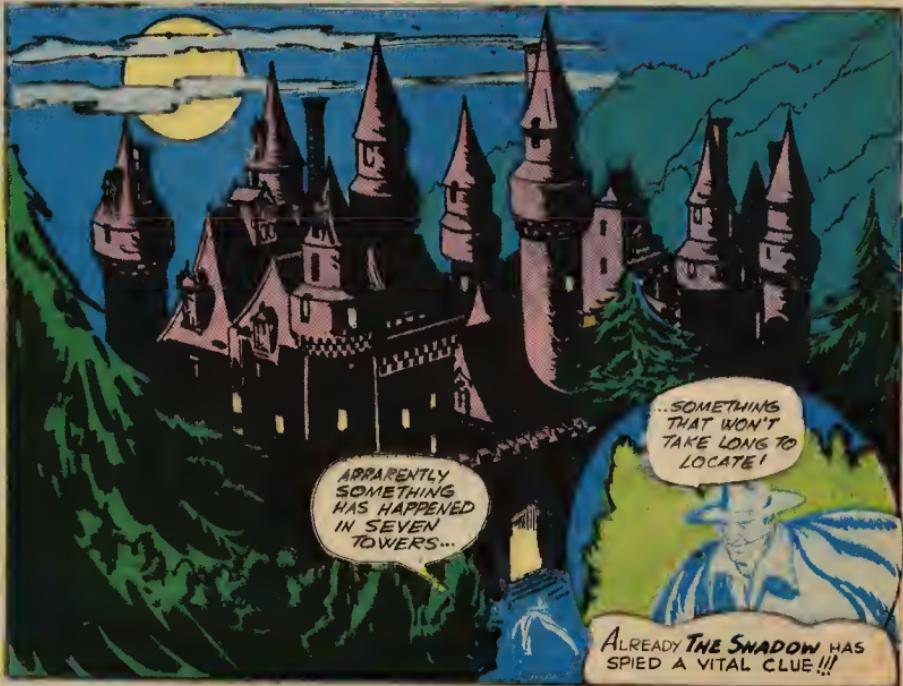
TIGHT AS
A DRUM!
NO HIDDEN
PASSAGE
HERE.

WHILE THE SHADOW
IS DEEP IN THE
WELL, MARGO
ROAMS THROUGH
SEVEN TOWERS...

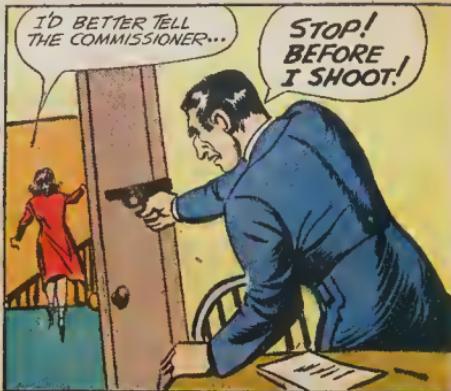
HERE COMES
ALEXIS! I'D BETTER
STAY OUT OF
SIGHT!

HUBERT...
WHERE ARE YOU?
I WANT TO TALK
TO YOU!





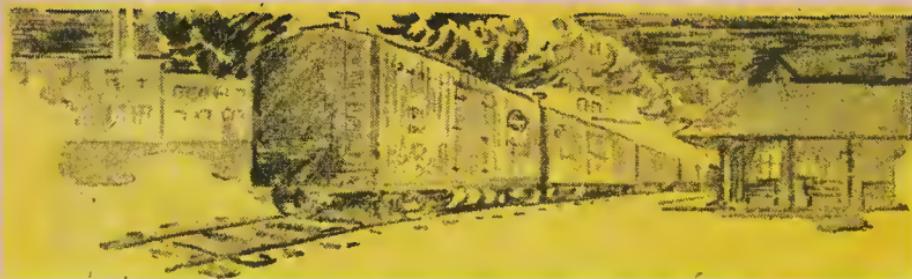






TURN THIS PAGE FOR THE AMAZING ANSWER TO THIS RIDDLE!!!
THE SHADOW KNOWS!!!!





MURDER at the JUNCTION!

OR - NICK CARTER COUNTS TWENTY

In the railroad station at Midland Junction, Nick Carter was viewing the scene where James Fitzpatrick, ace detective of the Midland and Eastern Railway, had been slain. The scene was a little office that overlooked the tracks. In one corner was a desk with a chair that had its back toward the window.

"That's where Jim Fitzpatrick was sitting," declared Roger Baybrook. "It happened while the night freight was going by. Somebody got him with a bullet from a Mannlicher rifle."

Roger Baybrook was a domineering man. He was sheriff of Midland County and the wealthiest landowner in this district. Baybrook wasn't pleased because the railway had called in Nick to help solve the Fitzpatrick murder, and Nick knew it. So did Patsy Bowen, Nick's efficient and attractive secretary.

"The night freight had just started from the water tower," continued Baybrook, stepping to the door. "You can see it there, well down the track by the grade crossing. The freight must have been doing about fifteen miles an hour when it passed the station."

"Those men down the track," questioned Nick, indicating some tiny figures. "What are they—deputies?"

"Yes," acknowledged Baybrook. "They're looking for Weasel Taggart and his mob of freight robbers. That gang has been busy around here lately."

"You connect Fitzpatrick's death with Weasel's gang?"

"Of course. Jim probably found some trail to Weasel and his outfit. That's why they killed him."

Footsteps sounded on the boards of the station platform. Nick and Patsy turned to see a middle-aged woman coming from the station. She was kindly faced, yet in her expression was a challenge evidently meant for Baybrook, since her eyes were fixed squarely upon him. Turning to Nick, Baybrook made a quick introduction.

"This is Mary Fitzpatrick, the station agent here. Mrs. Fitzpatrick will tell you whatever else you want to know. Good day."

With that Baybrook strode away, leaving Nick to complete the introduction. After identifying himself, Nick introduced Patsy, who felt constrained to add some words of sympathy.

"We're really sorry, Mrs. Fitzpatrick," said Patsy. "About your husband, I mean."

"Jim wasn't my husband," returned Mary. "He was my brother-in-law, living here while my husband was away in the army. But I'm sorry about Jim, even though—"

Cutting off sharply, Mary met Nick's gaze. There was something in Nick's expression that indicated full knowledge of all facts, a manner that he had cultivated through years of practice.

"You may as well know it," declared Mary. "Jim sent my brother, Tom Prentiss, to jail. I don't blame Jim; he did it in line of duty, but he could have given Tom time to raise the

money."

"What money?" queried Nick in a noncommittal tone.

"The money Tom embezzled from the railroad when he worked for them," replied Mary. "Mr. Baybrook promised to help Tom out. But Jim just wouldn't wait."

Before Nick could further pursue the questioning, a child's voice interrupted. A little boy about four years old came dashing from the station and clutched Mary's hand.

"Can I count the freight cars tonight, mommie?" the boy asked. "Can I count them—maybe up to a hundred again?"

"This is my son Charley," introduced Mary. "He goes to bed just before the night freight comes by. He likes to count the freight cars."

Nick's eyes showed quick interest.

"Was he counting them—on that night?"

Before Mary could answer, Charley did.

"You mean the night mommie yelled! I'd only counted up to twenty when she scared me. She wouldn't let me talk to Uncle Jim. She hasn't let me count freight cars any more."

"You can count them tonight, Charley," Mary promised. Then, turning to Nick, she added: "I'm giving Charley his supper now, Mr. Carter. But you can come back later—any time—and I'll answer any questions you ask."

Taking Charley into the station, Mary continued through to the living quarters that adjoined the office. Dusk was gathering outdoors and in the gloom Patsy studied Nick's inscrutable face.

"What next, Mr. Carter?"

"We'll go over to Halsey's store," said Nick, gesturing to some lights that glimmered in the distant dusk. "Maybe we can learn something over there. It's not far across the tracks, so we won't bother to go around by road."

The short line to Halsey's store proved difficult. Along the darkened ground beyond the tracks Nick and Patsy soon were stumbling through stones and brambles. To add to their dilemma, there came a sudden surge of shouts, along with the blink of flashlights.

"There they go! Stop them!"

At the cry, Nick flung Patsy into the nearest refuge, which happened to be a junk pit. Shotguns blasted above them and the lights arrived. Crawling out with hands upraised, Nick and Patsy met Baybrook's deputies and explained who they were.

"Sorry, Mr. Carter," said a deputy. "Mr. Baybrook told us to be on the lookout for Weasel Taggart—and to ask no questions. Lucky you ducked quick or we might've shot you."

Continuing into the store, Nick and Patsy found the proprietor in an anxious mood. As owner of the one big store in Midland Junction, Jeremiah Halsey had cause to be worried. He showed relief when he learned who Nick was.

"Three times now," declared Halsey in a wheezy tone, "Weasel Taggart has been around trying to rob my store. Guess that's why Sheriff Baybrook had those deputies posted here."

Nick closed the door and sat down on a cracker barrel, while Patsy began to look around the store, which was a sprawly place with many alcoves all representing different departments.

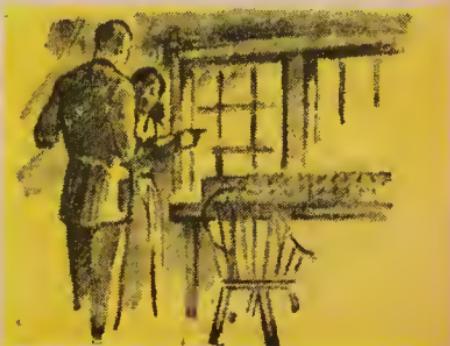
"Every time Weasel's gang robbed freight cars," continued Halsey, "Jim Fitzpatrick went after them. So they tried to rob my place instead. Only I scared 'em off. For instance, Mr. Carter, open that door into the hay, grain and feed department."

Nick went over and opened the door that Halsey indicated. He dropped back instantly to avoid a crash of hammers, wrenches, and chunks of pipe that came piling down from above.

"One of my burglar traps," chuckled Halsey. "Folks say I ought to patent that invention."

But it ain't only Weasel Taggart that I've got to worry about." His tone was becoming serious and confidential. "Tom Prentiss is back."

Nick showed no recognition of the name. So Halsey continued with a further explanation.



"Mary Fitzpatrick is his sister," declared Halsey. "He was in jail for embezzlement. Tried to get Roger Baybrook to help him out by telling Baybrook how he could buy some land that the railroad would lose if it didn't keep up its right of way. But Jim Fitzpatrick found out about that deal and squelched it."

Fishing high on a shelf Halsey brought down an apple pie and went to get a paper bag. When he returned he gestured to the door.

"Going over to see Mary Fitzpatrick," said Halsey. "I'm taking her this pie. If you come along, Mr. Carter, you can look through the papers left in Jim's desk. Maybe they'll tell you something."

They went to the station by the roundabout road that led across the tracks at the water tower. Nick and Patsy went into the office while Halsey was delivering the apple pie

The night freight was pulling from the water tower. Its pounding roar became terrific as it rumbled past the station. His hand deep in a desk drawer, Nick looked up suddenly; then, with a quick stride he was across the room, snatching Patsy on the way. As they swung through the door, the window crashed and something whined across the room to ping the wall above the desk!

Another rifle bullet from the night freight —this one meant for Nick Carter!

Involuntarily, Patsy screamed. Her cry brought Mary Fitzpatrick from the kitchen, with Jeremiah Halsey at her heels. Nick warned them back until the hundred-car freight had pounded past. Then, with the rear lights of the caboose twinkling off along the tracks, Nick entered the office, picked up the phone and called Baybrook, only to find that the gentleman-sheriff was not at home.

It was dawn when Baybrook did arrive, after an unsuccessful hunt for Weasel. He'd been driving around the county all night, checking on different groups of deputies. Baybrook gave the opinion that Weasel must have left the vicinity until he heard of the death thrust aimed at Nick.

"Weasel, all right," affirmed Baybrook grimly. "He must have hopped the freight and come past while we were out looking for him. Lucky he didn't kill you, Carter."

Patsy remembered that statement. Late that afternoon, after they had joined the deputies in a final, futile search for the missing Weasel Taggart, Patsy expressed her opinion to Nick



outside the railroad station.

"Maybe Baybrook wasn't driving somewhere at the time the freight went past," argued Patsy. "He could have been on the train himself, prepared to murder you, Nick. If only somebody could furnish a real clue!"

"Here's someone who might," remarked Nick. "Little Charley. Hello, Charley, we haven't seen you all day. Did you count the freight cars last night?"

The child had approached so silently that Patsy hadn't heard him. Now, to Patsy's surprise, he pointed an accusing finger at her.

"You yelled!" insisted Charley. "Like mommie did, the other night. Why does everybody yell when I count twenty?"

A keen look flashed from Nick's eyes. Pointing across the tracks, he indicated Halsey's store.

"Look at those windows, Charley," suggested Nick. "Count them for me."

Charley did. There were just thirteen windows. Sending Charley back into the station, Nick turned to Patsy.

"We're going over to Halsey's," affirmed Nick, "and count those windows from the inside. Halsey went over to the freight station to pick up a shipment in his truck. The place will be locked, but that won't matter."

It didn't matter. Nick used a pick to open the front door and they entered the store. What mattered was the windows. There were only twelve, when counted indoors. Only twelve, until Nick picked a lock on a door that looked like the entrance to a closet until he opened it.

Within was a narrow room, with a window, shuttered like all the rest. Close to the window stood a tripod; on it was mounted a Mannlicher rifle, pointing between the shutter slats!

Continued on last page

The Votes Are In!...
**AND THE COMIC
POPULARITY
WINNERS FOR
THIS YEAR ARE:**



**THE MOST POPULAR
AMERICAN BOY!**

SUPERSNIPER, in SUPERSNIPER COMICS; he's the kid with the most comic books in America . . . and the most humorous mishaps! The April SUPERSNIPER will be on sale January 14th.



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STREET & SMITH COMIC GROUP

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NOW ON SALE

VIGNETTE'S OF LIFE - CUTTING EXPENSES

"HOLD STILL OR
I'LL BE LATE
FOR MY
APPOINTMENT
WITH THE
HAIRDRESSER."

SUGGEST SAVING
A LITTLE BY CUTTING
OUT THE BEAUTY TREAT-
MENTS AND SEE WHO
GETS THE HOME MADE
KIND.

SOME FOLKS
BALANCE THE
BUDGET BY
LUMPING ALL
THEIR
BILLS
IN THE
WASTEBASKET.

OOH!
DIDN'T THE
DOCTOR
SAID MY LEGS
WERE BUSTED?

"SORRY JO! GOTTA
SAVE UP FOR THOSE
INCOME TAXES."

"I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE
EVEN TRYING TO ROLL
THEM!"

CUTTING DOWN ON THE LIGHT
BILLS IS A FINE ECONOMY FOR
THE DOCTORS.

"WE COULD CUT DOWN
QUITE A BIT ON THOSE
TWO BUCK TOUCHES AND AT THE
SAME TIME ECONOMIZE WITH EXCUSES."

"IT WON'T SHOW WITH
YOUR COAT ON... OR
SITTIN' DOWN!"

AND YOU GIVE
SHOE LEATHER
BY SITTIN' MORE.

GET HIM SOME CHEAPER TOBACCO
AND ONE OF THOSE GADGETS FOR
ROLLING HIS OWN AND HE WON'T
SMOKE SO MUCH... AT HOME.

"DO YOU
THINK I'M
MADE OF
MONEY?"

"AN' HAD A BATH IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY?
IS SUMPIN' FERCE?"

SOME ADVICE SPENDERS: BUY
WITH ECONOMY, BUT
SIT OUT SIDE AND WORK.

SOME WOULD LIKE TO ECONOMIZE
ON SOAP... THEY THINK A BATH IS NO
MORE USE THAN TWO MUSTACHES.

THEN THERE ARE FOLKS WHO COULD
ECONOMIZE A BIT ON ECONOMIZING.

DOC SAVAGE

THE WIG THIEF

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN
AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE
MEETS AN IMMOVABLE
OBJECT? -- OR WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN DOC
SAVAGE'S SCIENTIFIC
GENIUS TANGLES
WITH AN EVIL
GENIUS OF
SCIENTIFIC CRIME,
"THE NET"?

MONK AND HAM ON THEIR
WAY HOME --

THERE'S ONE
BIG WORD I
KNOW!
PERUKE ---
THAT'S
TOBACCO!

SORRY, YOU'RE
WRONG AGAIN.
PERIQUE IS
TOBACCO - A
PERUKE IS A...

PERUKES
FOR
SALE

MY PERUKES!
MY PRECIOUS WIGS!
STOP THIEF! HELD!
POLICE!!

THE IRATE
GENTLEMAN
JUST SAID IT...
A PERUKE IS
A WIG!





YEAH - HE WENT UP
LIKE THIS - BUT HE
DON'T COME DOWN -
IT'S IMPOSS! - WELL,
IT'S INCREDIBLE -
THAT'S WHAT!

YES, EXCEPT
THAT YOUR
DARING FRIEND'S
CARD HAS GIVEN
HIS METHOD
AWAY - I
THINK.

YOU'RE KIDDING
DOC - NO BRAIN
COULD FIGURE IT OUT
THAT FAST - HOW DID
HE DEFY GRAVITY?
NOPE! I DON'T THINK
YOU KNOW!



FOR THAT I'M GOING TO
KEEP YOU IN IGNORANCE
WHILE I TRY TO DUPLICATE
OR BETTER "THE NET'S"
PERFORMANCE. WHAT'S
THIS ABOUT WIGS?

THAT'S
ALL - JUST
WIGS.

WHY WOULD
HE STEAL WIGS?

I FIND THAT
MORE BAFFLING
THAN HIS
ABILITY TO
FLY THROUGH
THE AIR IS HERE'S
HIS CARD - SEE
IF YOU CAN
FIGURE HOW
HE FLOATS
WHILE I GET
TO WORK.



AND A WEEK LATER MONK AND
HAM STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED IT --

WHILE DOC WORKS

WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING
ELSE. NOW, CAN YOU SEE
ANYTHING ON THE CARD?

NOT A
THING! I
GIVE UP!

FINALLY I'VE LICKED THE
PROBLEM AND IT WASN'T
EASY. HERE'S HOW "THE NET"
FLOATED! BUT THE WIGS STILL
HAVE ME BAFFLED!



WHILE DOC RACKS HIS BRAINS, AN UNHOLY PLOT NEARS ITS END...

I GOTTA
HAND IT TO
YOU "NET"! YOU
HAD IT ALL
DODED OUT!

IT'S A CINCH TO
SWIPE THEM BEFORE
THEY'RE DONE--AFTER
THAT, WHEN THEY'RE
FINISHED -- NO ONE
COULD SWIPE THEM.
THEY'RE GUARDED
DAY AND NIGHT!

VERY GOOD,
GO BACK TO
WORK--YOU'LL
SEE ME
SOON!

NO PROBLEM CAN LONG WITHSTAND THE PROBING MIND OF DOC SAVAGE - OR CAN IT?

WIGS - WIGS ! I THINK
ABOUT THEM SO MUCH !

TAKE IT EASY,
DOC. DON'T GET
GREY HAIR

OVER IT - I
THINK "THE NET"
JUST HAS A
SCREW LOOSE !

MONK ! I THINK
YOU'VE SOLVED THE
PROBLEM-HAIR-! I'VE
BEEN ON THE WRONG
TRACK."THE NET" DOESN'T
WANT THE WIGS, HE
WANTS THE HAIR
IN THEM.

THERE'S ONLY ONE
PLACE THEY USE HAIR
THAT WOULD INTEREST
"THE NET" I HOPE WE'RE
NOT TOO LATE! HURRY!

A FRENZIED DRIVE ACROSS TOWN ENDS AT...

A DEFENSE PLANT!

AND DOC SAYS IT
USES HAIR--WHAT ARE
THEY DOING--MAKING
HAIR NETS FOR
THE WAC'S ?

SCREECH!!

BUT I TELL YOU, IT'S
OF VITAL IMPORTANCE
THAT WE GET IN!
ANY SECOND MAY
BE TOO LATE!

AND I
TELL YOU
NO PASS
NO ENTER.

I ALMOST
WAITED TOO
LONG. THE
MIGHTY DOC
SAVAGE HAS
UNRAVELED THE
RIDDLE OF THE WIGS.
HA! LITTLE GOOD
IT WILL DO HIM!

MEANWHILE A FLOATING FIGURE
ENTERS THE FACTORY, SILENTLY---

THE GUARD PHONES
THE PRESIDENT
OF THE FACTORY.

-- SAYS HE'S
DOC SAVAGE.
WHAT? YESSIR.
I'LL LET THEM IN
IMMEDIATELY, SIR.

BUT IS IT TOO LATE?
I MUST SAY, YOUR STORY HAD
ME WORRIED. AS YOU KNOW,
WE MAKE
BOMBSIGHTS.

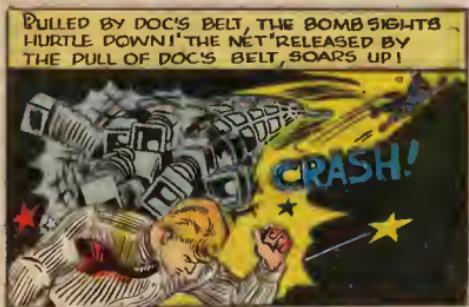
BOMB SIGHTS!
THAT'S IT! THEY USE
HUMAN HAIR FOR
CROSS-HAIRS IN THE
SIGHT! IT'S THE ONE
THING FINE ENOUGH!

HIGH ABOVE THE
CLAMOR OF THE
FACTORY, A FIGURE--

FOOLS! I WILL
BID THEM GOOD-
BY BEFORE I
FLY FOR TOKYO.
I'LL BE WELL PAID
FOR THESE!

I FIGURE IT'S
EASIER FOR "THE
NET" TO STEAL THE
SIGHTS BEFORE THEY'RE
FINISHED BECAUSE THEY'RE
NOT SO CLOSELY GUARDED.
THEN HE CAN PUT THE
CROSS HAIRS IN
HIMSELF!
THERE HE IS!!

TOO LATE,
DOC SAVAGE!
YOU HAVE
FAILED!!



DOC SWITCHES ON FULL POWER AND--

LET GO OF ME!

SURE - AFTER
PEEL YOU!



AFTER I PEEL
YOU LIKE A
BANANA, AND
TAKE OFF YOUR
PRECIOUS BELT!

OH! YOU'RE
MUSSING UP
MY CLOTHES!



AND "THE NET" GOES TO JAIL, STILL COMPLAINING ABOUT HIS CLOTHES - MONK AND HAM ASK QUESTIONS.

NOW, DOC, HAVE
A HEART! WHAT WAS
ON HIS CARD?

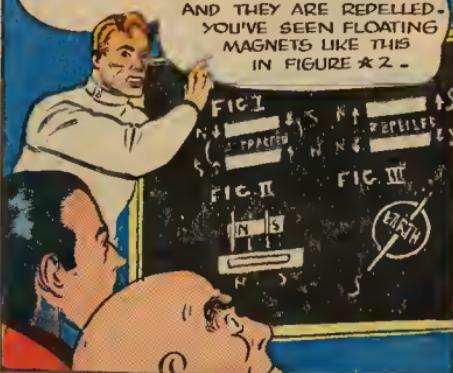
HE BRAGGED LIKE ALL CROOKS.
LOOK, I'LL SCRATCH OUT SOME
LETTERS.

M-A-G-NET
MAGNET! BUT
HOW DOES IT
DEFY GRAVITY?



BACK TO SCHOOL FOR YOU TWO -
A MAGNET HAS TWO POLES, NORTH
AND SOUTH. REMEMBER OPPOSITES
ATTRACT AND LIKES REPEL - PUT TWO
MAGNETS TOGETHER WITH OPPOSITE
POLES N. TO S. THEY ARE ATTRACTED -
BUT PUT LIKE TO LIKE, N. TO N., S. TO S.

AND THEY ARE REPELLED -
YOU'VE SEEN FLOATING
MAGNETS LIKE THIS
IN FIGURE #2 -



THE EARTH IS A HUGE MAGNET
WITH A N. AND S. POLE. ALL "THE
NET" DID WAS MAKE A SUPER-ELECTRO
MAGNET - WHOSE MAGIC WAVES
WERE REPELLED BY THE EARTH,
THAT WAY HE COULD REPELSE OR
ATTRACT ACCORDING
TO THE POWER
HE USED.

BUT YOURS
WAS STRONGER
AND OVERCAME HIS.

I'LL NEVER SAY
ANYTHING IS
IMPOSSIBLE AGAIN -

FIG. #2. THERE IS A NOVELTY SOLD
IN TOY STORES CALLED THE
"FLOATING MAN" WHICH DEMON-
STRATES THIS SCIENTIFIC FACT.

CHICK CARTER'S

"INNER CIRCLE CLUB
FIGHTS THE BLACK
MARKET"



CHICK CARTER, BOY DETECTIVE,
TURES ARE HEARD OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK. MONDAYS THRU FRIDAYS AT 5:30 EASTERN
WARTIME, IS FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE INNER CIRCLE CLUB FOR BOYS AND GIRLS WHO
ARE INTERESTED IN PERFORMING PATRIOTIC SERVICES FOR THEIR COMMUNITY.....



THE FOLLOWING DAY IN THE OFFICE OF
CHIEF OF POLICE BARLOW.....

I'M AN INSPECTOR FROM THE OFFICE OF
PRICE ADMINISTRATION. A HUNDRED DIS-
EASED CATTLE WERE KILLED AND STOLEN
LAST WEEK NEAR WATERVILLE....

BLACK MARKETEERS?



WE'RE CERTAIN OF IT! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT
MEAT AND STOP THE SALE OF IT OR HUNDREDS
OF PEOPLE WILL
BE KILLED!

YOU'VE
TRACED
IT TO
MILLBROOK?

WE THINK SO. ONE OF THE GANGSTERS IN
THE BLACK MARKET MOB WAS SEEN HERE
YESTERDAY. WE WANT EVERY MEAT MAR-
KET WATCHED AND CHECKED!

A LARGE ORDER!
ESPECIALLY WITH
MY POLICE FORCE
DOWN TO A SKELE-
TON CREW WITH
SO MANY MEN
IN THE ARMED
FORCES!

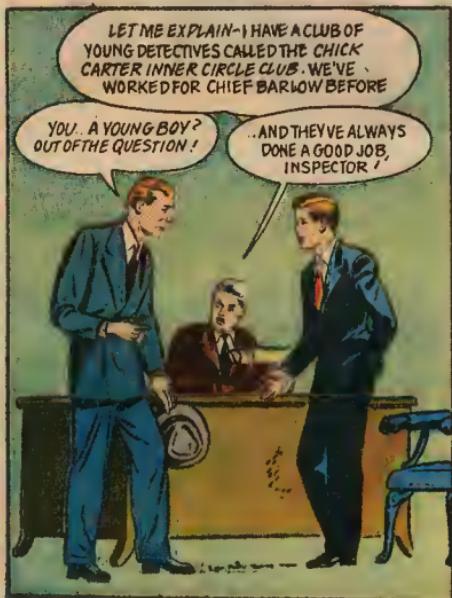
WE CAN
DO THE
JOB FOR
YOU, CHIEF!



LET ME EXPLAIN—I HAVE A CLUB OF
YOUNG DETECTIVES CALLED THE CHICK
CARTER INNER CIRCLE CLUB. WE'VE
WORKED FOR CHIEF BARLOW BEFORE

YOU...A YOUNG BOY?
OUT OF THE QUESTION!

...AND THEY'VE ALWAYS
DONE A GOOD JOB,
INSPECTOR!



WE HAVE ENOUGH MEMBERS TO WATCH EVERY
BUTCHER SHOP IN TOWN. ONCE WE FIND THE ONE
CARRYING THE BLACK MARKET MEAT—WE'LL
LET YOU KNOW SO YOU
CAN RAID IT!

EXCELLENT!
GO AHEAD, CHICK!

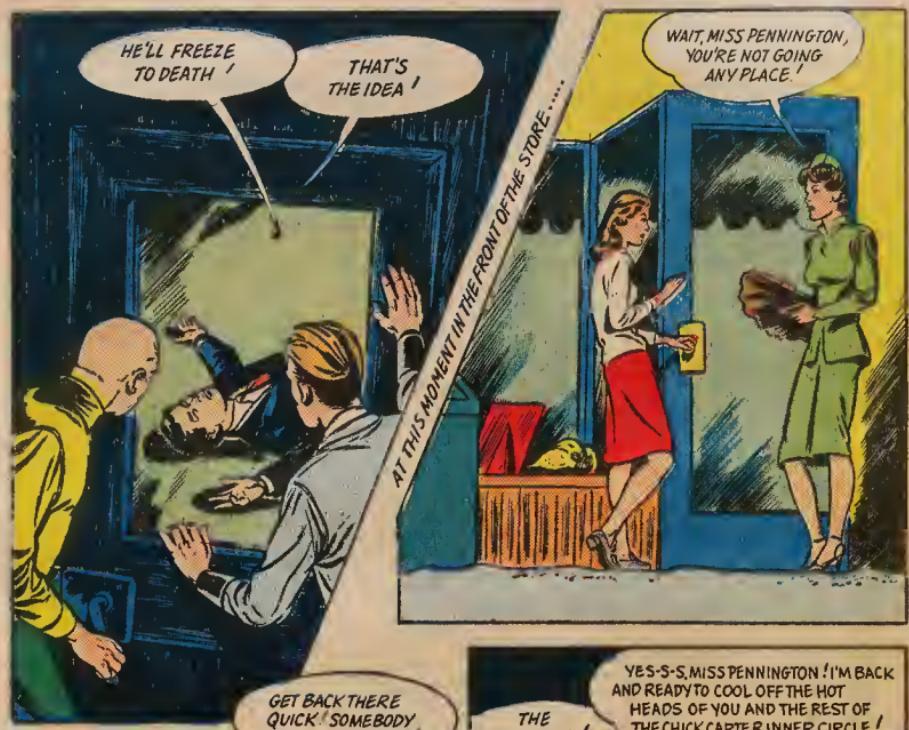


LATER-IN CHICK CARTER INNER CIRCLE HEADQUARTERS ...













IN A FLASH THE RATTLER MAKES HIS BREAK.....



WITH THE REST OF THE RATTLER'S GANG CAPTURED, CHICK EXPLAINS HOW HE AND SUE ESCAPED FROM THE ICE BOX....

...AND I FOUND THIS DRAIN LEADING IN-
TO THE BASEMENT...I WAITED FOR
SUE AND WE ESCAPED TOGETHER!

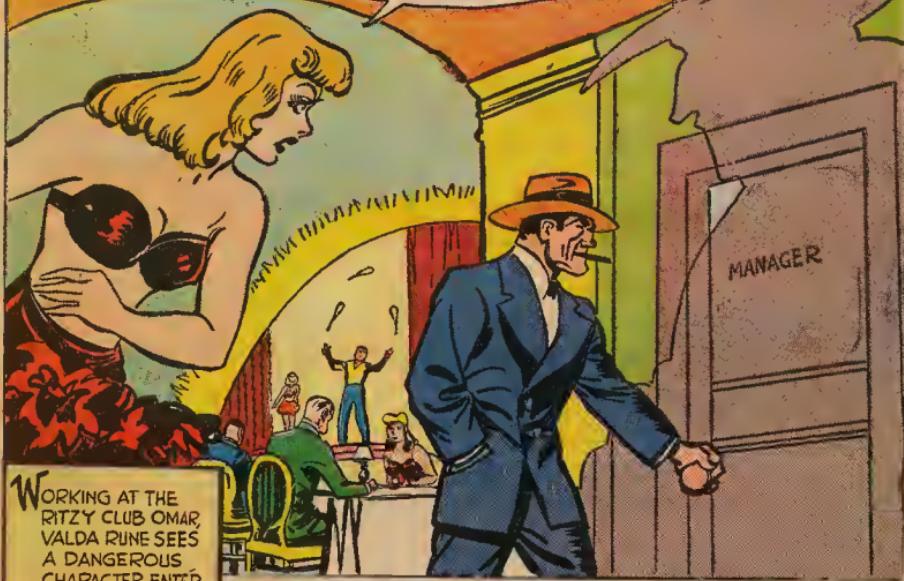
...AND IT'S LUCKY YOU
LEFT THE INNER CIRCLE
STICKERS FOR CHIEF
BARLOW TO FIND, CHICK!

AND HOW! BEFORE I SAW THE
STICKERS! I THOUGHT YOU KIDS HAD TIRED AND LEFT.
OTHERWISE, WE WOULDN'T HAVE STAYED ABOUT
AND THE GANG MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED!



The Shadow in "DOUBLE OR NOTHING"

THAT'S DIRK GRIMES!
HE'S WANTED FOR MURDER...
AND HE'S GOING IN TO
SEE LUCKY ROMAINE!

















VIGNETTE'S OF LIFE - PRIORITIES



That wasn't all. The Mannlicher had a telescopic sight, common with such rifles. When Nick told Patsy to look through it, she exclaimed:

"Why, it's trained right on the desk in the office at the railroad station!"

"That's right," nodded Nick. "Nobody would have used a Mannlicher to shoot at close range from a moving freight train. It is definitely a long-range gun and very accurate as such."

"But the shots came when the train was going past—"

"Which proved that they came from across the tracks, Patsy, spotted right between two moving freight cars!"

"Is that possible?"

"Absolutely, considering the terrific speed of a rifle bullet compared to a slow-moving freight train. But something had to control the gun so Halsey would have an alibi. Look, here it is."

Nick pointed to a small, intricate box, connected to the rifle trigger. He pressed a little switch and the thing began slow ticks that Nick counted. At the count of "twenty" the trigger gave a sharp click.

"A photo-electric gadget," explained Nick. "Each time a freight car cut off the light from the station window, this thing moved another notch. It was set for twenty, so the shot would seem to come from somewhere on the train."

"That's why little Charley counted twenty both times!"

"Exactly, but I already had my clue. Assuming that Weasel or some other sharpshooter was riding that freight, he wouldn't have fired at the desk after I had gone from there. That perfect shot, at the same spot where Jim Fitzpatrick had been, convinced me that the whole thing was mechanical."

Here was full evidence to prove that the actual murderer was Jeremiah Halsey, the man upon whom no suspicion rested. What Patsy couldn't understand was the motive Nick explained it.

"Remember those attempted robberies?" queried Nick. "Weasel and his mob were really bringing in the stuff they had stolen from freight cars. Halsey is fencing the goods for them."

"Then if we look around," began Patsy, turning toward the door, "we may find the stolen goods and close the case against Halsey!"

"We'll go over to the station first," decided Nick as he followed Patsy from the hidden room. "I didn't like Halsey's crack last night about Mary's brother being back. It sounded like another frame."

The night freight was starting from the water tower when Nick and Patsy entered the station. Because of the approaching train they weren't quick enough to hear the voices from the office until they suddenly found themselves at the point of a revolver. There, by Jim's desk, stood Halsey. He was already covering Mary, just within the doorway. Both Nick and Patsy walked into the very same trap.

"So it's you, Carter!" bellowed Halsey above the rising roar. "I was just telling Mary that I knew her brother Tom was here. I was going to turn him over to Baybrook and let him take the rap for killing Jim, unless Mary made him sign a false confession for my future protection.

"That seemed the best system"—the rattling freight cars were almost drowning Halsey's shout—"because you were beginning to get too smart, Carter. It seems you're even smarter than I thought, and so I'm giving you—this!"

Patsy and Mary shrieked together as Halsey shoved his revolver straight toward Nick, who was motionless except for his lips. They formed the word "twenty" before Halsey could pull the trigger. Instantly the window crashed and Halsey jolted under a whining impact from the darkness. So sudden was his twisting sprawl that the revolver fell from his hand unfired.

The roar, like the freight itself, was fading in the distance when Nick Carter stepped across the body of Jeremiah Halsey and picked up the telephone to call Sheriff Baybrook. Noting that Patsy still wore a quizzical stare, Nick paused to explain:

"I loaded that Mannlicher, Patsy, while you were starting out. I wanted to test it to make sure it worked exactly as I thought. When Halsey trapped us he was standing right in line with his own death machine. So I let him deliver his oration, hoping it would last for twenty freight cars."

His dead face grinning upward from the floor, Jeremiah Halsey seemed to relish the grim trick that he had played upon himself, by courtesy of Nick Carter.

The End.

HE Mailed This Coupon

J. G. O'BRIEN
Atlas Champion
Cup Winner

This is an ordinary snapshot of one of Charles Atlas' California pupils.



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Prize-Winning Body
I Gave Him!

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"Look at me NOW! 'Dynamic Tension' WORKS!
I'm proud of the natural, easy way you have made
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J. G. O'Brien.

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Broadcasting Stations employ N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



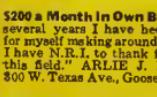
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I Trained These Men



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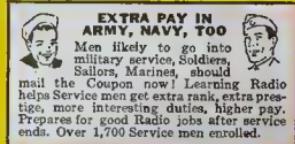
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